

11621.C.1
45
T H E

H O N O U R

K London Apprentice
O F A

LONDON 'PRENTICE.

Being an ACCOUNT of his

Matchless Manhood and brave
Adventures done in Turkey.



T E W K E S B U R Y :

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD : Sold also at
his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM ;
where may be had all Sorts of New and Old
Songs ; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and
Retail. Likewise, the True Original Daffy's
Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all
other Medicines of established Reputation, that
are advertised in the Weekly Papers.



The H O N O U R of a

LONDON 'PRENTICE.

Being an Account of his
Matchless Manhood and brave Adventures
done in Turkey.

OF a worthy London 'prentice,
My purpose is to speak;
And tell his brave adventures,
Done for his country's sake.

Seek all the world about,
In vain will be your speed,
To find any like him,
In valour to exceed.

He was born in Cheshire,
The chief of men was he;
From thence brought up to London,
A 'prentice for to be.

A merchant on the bridge,
Did like his service so,
That for three years his factor,
To Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country,
 One year he had not been,
 'Ere he by tilt maintained
 The honour of his queen.

Elizabeth his princess,
 He boldly did make known,
 To be the Phenix of the world,
 And none but she alone.

In armour rich and gilded,
 Well mounted on a steed;
 One score of knights most hardy,
 He made them for to bleed:

And brought them all unto the ground,
 Who proudly did deny,
 Elizabeth to be the pearl,
 Of princely majesty.

The king of that same country,
 Began thereat to frown,
 And will'd his son then present,
 To pull this youngster down:

Who at his father's words,
 These boasting speeches said,
 Thou art a traitor, English boy,
 And hast the traitor play'd.

I am no boy nor traitor,
 Thy speeches I defy;
 For which I'll be revenged
 On thee by and by.

A London 'prentice still
 Shall prove as good a man
 As any of your Turkish knights,
 Do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him,
 A swinging box o' the ear,
 Which broke his neck afunder,
 As plainly doth appear.

How now, proud Turk, said he,
 I am no English boy,
 Who can with one small box o' the ear,
 The prince of Turks destroy.

When as the king perceived,
 His son so strangely slain,
 His soul was fore afflicted,
 With more than mortal pain.

And in revenge thereof,
 He swore that he should die,
 The cruelest death that ever man,
 Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lions were prepared,
 The 'prentice to devour,
 Near famished with hunger,
 Ten days within the tower.

For to make them more fierce,
 And eager for their prey ;
 To glut themselves with human gore,
 Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,
 At length drew nigh at hand,
 When all the noble ladies
 And barons of the land :

Attended on the king,
 To see this 'prentice slain,
 And buried in the hungry maws
 Of these fierce lions twain.

Then in his shirt of cambric,
 With silks most richly wrought,
 This worthy London 'prentice,
 Was from the prison brought.

And to the lions given,
 To staunch their hunger great,
 Which had not eat in one days space,
 Not one small bit of meat.

But God who knows all secrets,
 The matter so contriv'd,
 That by this young man's valour,
 They were of life depriv'd ;

For being faint for want of food,
 They could not withstand,
 The noble force and fortitude,
 And courage of his hand.

For when the hungry lions,
 Had cast on him their eyes,
 The elements did thunder,
 With echo of their cries ;

And running all amain,
 His body to devour,
 Into their throats he thrust his arm,
 With all his might and power ;

From thence by manly force,
 He tore their hearts afunder,
 And at the king he threw them,
 To all the people's wonder.

This have I done, quoth he,
 For lovely England's sake,
 And for my country maiden queen,
 Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceived,
 The wrathful lions hearts,
 Afflicted with great sorrow,
 His anger soon reverts,

And turned all his hate
 Into remorse and love :
 And said, It is some angel
 Sent down from heaven above.

No, no, I am no angel,
 The courteous young man said,
 But born in famous England.
 Where God's word is obey'd;

Assisted by the heavens,
 Who did me thus befriend,
 Or else they had most cruelly
 Brought here my life to an end.

The king in heart amaz'd,
 Lift up his eyes to heaven,
 And for his foul offences,
 Did beg to be forgiven ;

Believing that no land
 With England could be seen,
 No people better govern'd,
 By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
 He pardon'd him his life,
 And gave his daughter unto him,
 To be his wedded wife.

Where then they did remain,
 And liv'd in quiet peace,
 In spending of their happy days,
 In joy and love's increase.

F I N I S.

OLD SONGS,

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.

Children in the Wood
 Seven Champions of
 Christendom
 Cat-Skin
 Death and the Lady
 Twenty-seven Songs of
 Robin Hood
 Poor Robin's Dream
 Plymouth Tragedy; or,
 Susan's Overthrow
 Pretty Green Coat Boy
 Squire Vernon's Fox-
 Chace
 Famous Flower of Serv-
 ing Men
 Wandering Prince of
 Troy
 Choice Pennyworth of
 Wit
 Yarmouth Tragedy
 Golden Bull
 Jane Shore 10 JU 52
 Oxford Ramble
 Dorsetshire Miracle
 Transported Felons
 Teague's Ramble
 Spanish Lady's Love to
 an English Captain
 Northern Knight's Gar-
 land

Leeds Tragedy; or, The
 Bloody Brother
 Humours of Rag Fair
 Gloucestershire Tragedy
 Distrest Lady's Garland
 Chevy Chace
 Bloody Gardener
 Berkshire Lady
 Wandering Shepherdess
 Factor's Garland
 Broken Contract
 Bite upon Bite
 Blind Beggar of Beth-
 nal-Green
 Bristol Bridegroom; or
 The Ship Carpenter's
 Love to the Merchants
 Daughter
 Anacreon's Feast
 Death of Sir Andrew
 Barton
 New Mad Tom
 Cobler's wife's discovery
 Disobedient Son and
 Cruel Husband
 Somersetshire Tragedy
 Welch Wedding
 Lamentable Ballad of
 the Lady's Fall
 Fair Maudlin